AGAVE.

No ! 'tis the head—O God !—of Pentheus, this I

CADMUS.

Blood-drenched ere thann wouldst know him ! Aye, 'tis his.

AGAVE.

Who slew him ?—How came I to hold this thing?

CADMUS.

O cruel Truth, is this thine home-coming ?

AGAVE.

Answer ! My heart is hanging on thy breath I

CADMUS.

'T\vas thou.—Thou and thy sisters wrought his death.

AGAVE.

In what place was it ? His own house, or where ?

CADMUS.

Where the dogs tore Actacon, even there.

AGAVE.

Why went he to Kithacron ? What sought he ?

CADMUS.

To mock the God and thine own ecstasy*

AGAVE.

But how should we be on the hills this day ?

CADMUS.

Being rnad I A spirit drove all the land that way.